chooſe a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou ſhalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haſt call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with muſicke ſtraight,
Gods me hees come, Nurſe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? faſt I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee ſleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt that you ſhal reſt but little. What lambe I ſay, faſt ſtill: what Lady, Loue, what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how ſound ſhe ſleeps? Nay then I ſee I muſt wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, dreſt in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, ſome Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Moth: Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make haſt, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Cap: Stay, let me ſee, all pale and wan.
Accurſed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as ſhe is,
Deflowerd by him, ſee, where ſhe lyes,

Death

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.
Par: Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it now preſent ſuch prodegies?
Accurſt, vnhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorne, forſaken, deſtitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a ſlaue in it.
Diſtreſt, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall.
Cap: O heere ſhe lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead ſorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, loſt, vndone, abſented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies,
Why to this day haue you preſeru'd my life?
To ſee my hope, my ſtay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of ſence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniuſt, impartiall deſtinies.
Cap: O ſad fac'd ſorrow map of miſery,
Why this ſad time haue I deſird to ſee.
This day, this vniuſt, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to ſee my comfort full,
To be depriude by ſuddaine deſtinie.
Moth: O woe, alacke, diſtreſt, why ſhould I liue?
To ſee this day, this miſerable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this deſtinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for ſhame, if not for charity,
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wiſh it otherwiſe.

Come